Licensed,

January 3d. $168\frac{6}{7}$.

R. M.

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Prolusiones Poëticæ.

POËTICAL ESSAYS.

Cam

LONDON,
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ALEXANDER
1883
GARDYNE

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

THough I could, as well as others, have Graced this Piece with some Great Man's Name in the Front; yet

I have rather Chosen to give the World a Freedom of Unprepossed Censuring, by not so much as putting my own Name to it; Which will crush Partiality in the Egg; Whilst every one neither Liking nor Misliking the Author, as not Knowing him, will consider the Piece as Men do a Forreigner, whose Extract they are Ignorant of, Judging of him either to his Advantage or Disadvange by no other Rule, than what his Personal Actions set before them.

As to my Love-Toys, Reader, Thou hast the like Freedom

of Thinking, what was the Moving Cause of my making them. Whether it were my being Engaged in that Passion, the Entreaty of Others, or only for a Divertisement of my Poetical Fancy. Only, Ladies, if this Trifle of a Book happen to fall into your Fair Hands; In Requital of the Honour you will do it, in vouchsafing to Read it, I Reckon my Self Obliged in Civility to make this True Apologie, in Reference to that against Marriage; That it was made at the Request of one of your own Sex, who was that way Disposed. But if this small Piece be so Favourably Received, as to

require a Second Impression, I you shall then find it sufficiently Answered.

I might have scattered up and down those Toyes (according to the Example of Almost all my Predecessors in Poetry) Wit and Fancy, taken from the Scripture, which would perhaps have render'd them more Acceptable to some Readers. But this Fault (if it be one) I Designedly committed, Esteeming that Sacred Volume worthy of a Greater Veneration, than to be Quoted upon every Frivolous Occasion. Those that follow other Poets in that point,

may perhaps raise their Credit amongst Loose Wits; but, I believe, will hardly be counted Religious by Sober Men: For all Grant that it is Dangerous, Ludere cum Sacris.

As to my Translations, whether I have taken too much, or too little Liberty, I shall submit my self to the Judgement of those Learned, that shall reckon it worth their while to compare them with their Originals.

I have nothing Remaining, Reader, *but only to beg thy Candor and Charity for what Mistakes*

may

may have escaped Unseen by me; And to wish Thee as much pleasure in the Reading, as I had in the making of these following Essays of Poetry.

Mart.

Mart. LIB. V.

Quæ mihi Præstiteris, &c.

HOW you've oblig'd me, I remember well,
Yet I don't speak, because you do it tell;
As oft as I to any one begin
To speak; He says, I heard the fame of him.
Two do not all things well; One's best for this;
If you would have me speak, hold you your peace.
The greatest kindnesses are rendred small
When by the Doer they are told to all.

Mart. LIB. V.

Cras tu Virtuum, &c.

ALways, to Morrow you will live you say,
When cometh this to Morrow, tell me, pray.
How far is't off? Or where is't to be found?
Is't i'th' *Armeni'n*, or the *Parthi'n* ground?
Than *Priamus*, or *Nestor* 'tis more old,
Pray tell me for how much is't to be sold?

You

You'l live to Morrow; But too late's to day,
He is the VViſe Man, that liv'd yeſterday.

Mart. LIB. VI.

Scis te Captari; &c.

YOU know, you're ſought to be entrapt, you know
VVho 'tis, and alſo what he means too;
Yet you, poor Fool, have put him in your VVill,
And would have him your Vacant Room to fill.
'Tis true he ſent you Gifts; but for a Bait:
Can the Fiſh love the Fiſher which does wait
But for his Life? Can's Tears and Heart conſent,
But leave him nothing, he'l indeed lament.

In Pavonem.

Quæ volucris toto Cæleſtior Orbe videtur,
Quam qui delectat Junonis Gemmeus Ales?
Aſtra gerit caudâ, veluti ſignantia ſedem,
Quâ Domina ipſius ſedet, & Regina Dearum.

The Unhappy.

LET Baſe and Sordid Souls for Riches Love,
Compleat Felicity let others move.
My Love's more Gen'rous, and my thoughts more brave,
'Tis one unhappy I deſire to have.
Then if my Lot be hard and Fortune frown,
'Tis but the ſame, which ſhe before has known;
She only keeps in the ſame tireſome Rode,
VVhich ſhe before with Pati'nce long had trod.
I'le bear a part with her, and ſhe'le with me,
And in Unhappineſs we'le happy be.
Our mutual Love ſhall baffle our croſs Fate,
And we'le, in ſpight of Fortune, Love in State.
But if my Proſp'rous days are yet behind,
And my Good Fate lingers to be more kind;
She then ſhall know how Gen'rous I have been,
And what my Noble thoughts at firſt did mean.

Abſence.

And art thou gone my Dear? And did we part?
No, for Thou taken haſt with thee my Heart.

Another.

Oh! when wilt thou return? My Dear, Oh! when?
VVhen ſhall I have thee in my Arms again?
Thy kind Embraces when ſhall I receive?
My kind Embraces when ſhall I thee give?

How long is yet to come? Oh! Lingring Sun,
How ſluggiſhly doſt thou thy Races run?
Entwin'd in thy Dear Arms, Oh! when ſhall I
Repoſe my ſelf a while, and learn to dye?
Forget this buſie VVorld, and all it's Care?
Enjoy my ſelf and Thee, and nothing fear?
On the ſweet Pillow of thy Arms I'de reſt
From all my Troubles, all my Cares Releaſt.

Both in Love.

VVelcome, kind Cupid, now thy Joys I have,
There's nothing but's too ſmall for me to crave.
Now thou haſt pair'd our Hearts, what would I more!
Poſſeſs'd of my Love's Heart, I can't be Poor.
Claſp'd in my Love's kind Arms, I'le ſtrait forget
The Injuries of Fate, though ne're ſo great.
Thoſe kind Embraces ſhall my *Lethe* be,
And waſh out all the Tracks of Miſery.
Toſs'd on the Billows of Croſs Fortune, here
I'le Land, and neither Storm, nor Tempeſt fear.
Here Raviſh't with Delight I'le ſtay, and none
VVill Envy, not the Prince o'th' Richeſt Throne.

Not Fair.

Not Features of the Face, but of the Mind;
To be the Loadſtone of my Love I find.
Thoſe Fading Features which the Skin may have,
VVhen I but cloſe my Eyes ſtill find a Grave.
Each night in Youth, they vaniſh quite away,
Until the Candle come, or elſe the day:
But when Age comes, nor Day, nor Candle light
Can Repreſent thoſe Features to my Sight.

Give

ive me those Lasting ones, from which nor Age,
or Darksome night, my Love can Disengage;
hat Flourish still and watered are by time,
nd never, till old Age, come to their Prime.

Fast and Lose.

hus *Tantalus* by Apples Courted is,
nd when he seeks them not, the VVaters Kiss
is Lips: But when he stoops and would them take;
hen, like Coy Dames, all haste from him they make.
hey will, and yet they will not, still Refuse
VVhat, if their Hearts might speak, they'd soonest chuse.

The Parting.

arewell, My Unconstant, My Dearest Unkind,
lealter my Love, since Thou dost Thy Mind.
ould'st thou but have lov'd me, I would have lov'd thee;
nd my Love should have rose to the highest Degree
Husband more loving there should none have been,
or shouldst thou've repented what e're thou hadst seen.
he love betwixt others should have made thee to say,
his differs from Ours, as Night does from Day.
ut since thou'lt be gone, I wish thee good speed,
nd from my Addresses thou shalt be quite freed.
is in vain to Court shadows that vanish away,
r a Mistress pursue, that no where will stay.
thou lov'st a Second, a Second I'le chuse;
nd a Third, if that Second, like thee, does me use;
Fourth shall succeed, if the Third prove Unkind;
Fifth and a Sixth, till one constant I find.
none Constant I find, Adieu to Fond Love,
et still I'le Caress them, and a Courtier I'le Prove:

I'le

I'le use them as Play-things to drive time away,
When I at my Studies or Business can't stay.

Against Marriage.

Come, Darling Chastity! Avant, Fond Love,
Which only do'st t' unsettled Persons prove
A seeming Pleasure; For thou seem'st to be,
What none could ever truly find in thee.
As silly Idle Children often long
For that 'bout which the Bees in Crouds do throng,
Attempt the Hive and find some Honey there,
But of those Stings which guarded them, they bear
The Marks much longer than the Sweets do last,
The Stings remain after the Taste is past.
So those who love pursue, acquire short Joy,
But with it Cares, which still their rest annoy.
Those Golden Apples hanging on Love's Tree,
By watchful, fiery Dragons Guarded be;
Some reaching at them, sorely wounded are,
And then retire possest with lasting fear;
Others who 've reacht, and have the Fruit secur'd,
Retiring have the Dragon's rage endur'd;
Wounds never-curable they've born away
With their much-fanci'd, but dear-gotten prey.

Courtship is tedi'us, flattering, and cloys
With it's Impertinence and childish toys.
Too starcht and formal, where no Freedom is,
And each slight Acti'n censur'd is amiss.
All things are acted which it's thought may please,
Though counterfeited with but little Ease.

The Marriage-Bed is Deck'd with Jealous weeds;
Tuck'd up with Careful Troubles thorny Reeds.
Loſs and Misfortunes hang the Chamber round,
And Brittle Slipp'ry Ice makes up the Ground.

Theſe things with Reaſon me from Love Affright,
My Day is Pleaſant, Untireſom's my Night:
Uninterrupted Sleeps all Night I take,
No Children's Cryes, or Carking Cares me wake.

I'm Uncontroul'd as to my Main Concern,
The Leſſon of Misfortune I can Learn
At a much Cheaper Rate, now I'me Alone,
Than if I'd other ſelves that I muſt Mone.
My Better Fortunes will much Sweeter taſte,
Their pleaſant Springs too will much longer laſt,
Than if more hands were to exhauſt the Store,
Or many Mouths were to taſte them before:
The Sun's contracted Beams i'th' Burning-glaſs
Are hotter far, than in a wider place.
If one place pleaſe me not, I'le move from thence
Unto ſome other, with a ſmall expence.
Without thoſe parting Pangs which Lovers know,
When from each other they are forc'd to go:
Without thoſe Troubles, ted'ous Trains attend,
And in leſs time, than Families muſt ſpend.

My Private Thoughts I'le to my ſelf Rehearſe,
And Breath my Meditations out in Verſe.
My Vacancies I'le ſpend in Thoughts Divine,
Such they ſhall be, Lord, as agree with Thine:
Thou'lt not deſpiſe, thou'lt ſtill receive my Pray'r,
While I'm on Earth, my Voice ſhall pierce the Air;

Mount up to Heav'n, and there ſecure a Friend,
That in all ſtraits will Succour to me ſend.
And thus ſecur'd, I'le ſpend my peaceful Days,
And ſtill ſet forth my Great Protector's Praiſe.
I'le ſcorn this Lump of Earth, this buſie Hive,
VVhere Men ſo eagerly for Riches ſtrive;
Give me but Food and Rayment, I'm Content,
Let others Rafters with their Gold be Bent.
Thus I'le expect until thou ſendeſt Death,
And then I'le willingly reſign my Breath.

LEAN.

LEANDER TO HERO:

Out of *Ovid*'s Epistles.

The ARGUMENT.

The Hellespont (*that is the Sea of* Helle, *so called from* Helle, Phryxus's *Sister, who was drowned in it*) *dividing* Europe *and* Asia, *had* Sestos (*the City where* Hero *lived*) *and* Abydos *in* Asia (*where* Leander *lived*) *opposite to each other upon the two Shores, where it being not above seven or eight Furlongs broad,* Leander *used to swim over by night to* Hero, *and return in the morning: But being hindered for some days from swimming by a violent Storm, he sends her this Letter. But the Storms continuing, made him venture to swim through it, where he was Drowned.*

WHat he had rather bring, *Leander* sends, (friends!
Health to his Love. Oh that the VVaves were
By the Good Gods if my Love favour'd be,
These Lines Unwelcome will be thought by thee.

They don't it favour. VVhy do they me ſtay?
VVhy through the waves, do they ſhut up my way?
Thou ſeeſt the Gloomy Heav'n, and ſtormy VVave,
To paſs which, Seamen ſcarce the Courage have.
This one Bold Bearer durſt out-brave the VVinds,
Looſes from Harbor, brings to Thee my Lines.
I'was taking Ship, but as he was about
To weigh his Anchor, all the Town lookt out.
I could not have conceal'd my Parents ſtill,
Our Love had been diſclos'd againſt our VVill.
Then ſaid I writing, Happy Letter go,
The touch of her Fair Hand thou ſoon wilt know.
Perhaps her Coral Lips too thou mayſt Kiſs,
VVhil'ſt with her Teeth thy Seal ſhe op'ning is.
Thus briefly to [illegible]ſelf I muttered,
The reſt my right Hand to the Paper ſaid.
Oh that for writing, it were ſwimming now!
And me the VVatry Rode were carr'ing through!
'Twere fitter with it in the VVaves to Row,
'Tis fit to ſpeak, ſince it my Mind does know.
For ſev'n whole nights, long as a tedi'us Year,
Upon this angry Sea's brows frowns appear:
All which long time, if I have ſlept at all,
May the Sea's ſtormy Rage ſtill ceaſe to fall.
Sad on ſome Rock I ſit and view the Shore,
And ſend my Mind, though not my Body or'e.
My Pole-ſtar in the Tow'r, thy Candle too,
I either ſee indeed, or think I do.
Thrice ſtript, my Cloths I on the Bank had laid;
Thrice to go through the VVaters I eſſay'd;
Thrice my Attempts were by the Sea withſtood;
Thrice ſwimming I was plung'd into the Flood.
Of the fierce VVinds, O thou the fierceſt far,
VVhat makes thee againſt me thus raiſe a VVar?

'Gain

'Gainſt me, and not the Seas thy Rage is mov'd,
VVhat wouldſt thou do, alas! hadſt thou not lov'd?
Though thou'rt ſo cold, yet canſt thou not deny,
That with *Aetnean* Flames thou once didſt fry,
In thy carreer to love, ſhould any ſet
A ſtop, how would'ſt thou bear that tedi'us Let?
Spare then thy Rage, let thy Gales gently blow:
No hard commands from *Eolus* mayſt thou know.
My Pray'rs are vain, *Bor'as* ſtill murmureth,
Of the fierce VVinds there ceaſeth not one Breath.
Lend me thy wings, O *Dedalus* to fly,
I care not though thy Sons Fate be hard by,
I'le ſtand the Danger, ſo I may but be
There through the Air, whither I went by Sea.
But whilſt the VVinds and Seas thus envious prove,
VVith pleaſure I think over my paſt Love.
'Twas young night, when I came forth to thee, Dear;
('Tis pleaſure, paſt Joys in the Mind to bear)
Strait I put off with my Clothes ſluggiſh Fear,
And my Brisk Arms my Body up did bear.
The kind Moon ſhone to me as light as day,
And bore me Company through all the way.
VVith lift-up eyes, ſaid I, to me be kind,
And let thy *Latmi'n* Loves poſſeſs thy Mind.
Endymi'n will not let thee be ſevere,
Aſſiſt me then in the Courſe that I ſteer.
A Mortal did thy Divine Paſſi'n move,
(Let me ſpeak Truth) a Goddeſs 'tis, I love.
'le paſs by the perfecti'ns of her Mind:
uch Beautie's never but in ſhapes Divine.
Her Face is next to *Venus*'s, after thee,
Credit thou not my words, thy ſelf may'ſt ſee.
As much as from all Stars thou win'ſt the Bays,
VVhen thou ſhin'ſt forth with thy pure ſilver Rayes;

So much excell'd by Her, all Beauties be;
VVhich if thou doubt'ſt, *Cynthia*, thou canſt not ſee.
Theſe, or words like theſe, as I ſwam I ſpake,
And through the yielding waves my way I brake.
The moving waves ſhone with reflected Rayes,
The Light that Night was equal with the Day's.
No noiſe at all unto my Ears did come,
But of my moving Body as I ſwoom.
For *Ceyx*'s Love the King's Fiſhers alone,
Methoughts, ſung to me a Melodi'us mone.
My Arms being weari'd with the ſtrokes they gave,
I briskly perch'd my Head above the wave;
Seeing thy Light, I ſaid, Yonder's my Fire,
That diſtant ſhore contains all I deſire.
My former ſtrength return'd to my tir'd Arms,
And the ſmooth'd waves ſeem'd to be bound with Charms.
Love caus'd that I the waters Cold felt not;
Love, which poſſeſs'd my Active Breaſt ſo hot.
The nearer I approach, and come to ſhore,
The leſs the way's to go, my Strength is more.
VVhen I ſee thee, Thy Preſence does Revive
My drooping Spirits, and thou mak'ſt me Live.
And now I ſwim Genteelely, thee to pleaſe,
And in thy Sight move on with Graceful Eaſe.
Out of the Sea thy Nurſe could ſcarce keep thee:
(Thy words deceiv'd me not) This I did ſee.
Nor could ſhe do, what ſhe to do did think,
Thy tender Foot was wet in the Sea's Brink.
Embraces then, and Kiſſes me employ,
VVhich o're the Seas fetcht, Gods to have might joy.
To cover me, thy ſhoulders thou mak'ſt bare,
And Lovingly dryeſt my Sea-wet Hair.
The reſt VVe, and the Conſci'us Tow'r beſt know,
And that kind Light which me the way did ſhow:

The Joys of that Night if you number can,
Then you may count the Waves too of the Main.
And as our time grew ſhort for ſport, ſo we
Took care, that ſhort time ſhould not Idle be.
The pleaſant Night is almoſt at an end,
And the bright Morning the Day-ſtar does ſend.
In haſte we huddle Kiſſes whilſt I ſtay,
Whilſt we complain that the Nights fly away.
But whilſt I linger thus, the Nurſe calls me
From thy Lov'd Chamber to the hated Sea.
VVe weeping part; and I to Sea again,
Still looking back upon thee, whilſt I can.
I coming do a Swimmer ſeem to be,
Methinks I'm ſhipwrackt coming home from thee.
This too is true; the way to thee's down Hill,
VVhich to aſcend from thee does almoſt kill.
Homewards I heavy go, who can't believe?
And 'cauſe I ſtay now's that, for which I ſtrive.
Alas! why joyn'd in mind doth th' Sea Us part?
VVhy has not one Land Us two, One in Heart?
Come thou to mine, or elſe take me to thine;
I as well thine do like, as thou doſt mine.
VVhy muſt my pleaſure on the Sea depend?
VVhy ceaſe my joys when the winds do't befriend?
The Dolphins know our loves; the Fiſhes too,
As oft as I the waters paſs, me know.
A perfect Path through the waves may be ſeen,
As ways which by Cart-wheels have oft preſt been:
'Cauſe no way elſe was, I did once complain,
But now for want of this I live in pain.
The Virgin's Sea with waves does proudly ſwell,
The Ships ſcarce ſafely in the Harbors dwell.
When this ſea did from *Helle* it's name take,
Such billows, I believe, the winds did make.

'Tis Infamous enough ſince *Helle* toſt,
And though it drown not me, it's Credit's loſt.
I envy *Phryxus*, whom through troubled Seas,
The Golden Ram carri'd upon his Fleece.
I ſcorn the help of either Ship or Ram,
Give me but ſmoother waves, that may be ſwam.
I need no Art; let me but ſwim the Sea.
I Marriner, Ship, Paſſenger will be.
Nor by the greater or the leſſer Bear,
Or any Publick Stars will my Love ſteer.
Let *Ariadne* and *Andromeda*,
And cold *Caliſto* ſhew Seamen their way.
Theſe *Perſeus*, *Bacchus* and Great *Jove* did pleaſe,
But for my Guides, I will have none of theſe.
I have a better and much ſurer light,
VVhoſe Guidance ne're will ſhew my love the Night.
By 't's Light to *Colchos* and the utmoſt Seas,
And where the *Argo* went, I'le go with Eaſe.
I'le *Ino*'s Son in ſwimming far ſurpaſs,
And *Glaucus* too made a God by the Graſs.
My Arms through Moti'n often weary grow,
Scarce can I make them through the water go.
VVhen, I ſay, your Rewards great, and them Check,
I'le fold you ſtrait about my Miſtreſs's Neck.
Strait they revive, and make to thee apace,
As a ſwift Horſe running i'th' *Eli'n* Race.
Cloſe to my ſelf I'le keep my burning Love,
Still I'le love thee, who'rt fit for Heav'n above.
Thou'rt fit for Heav'n indeed, but on Earth ſtay,
Or elſe unto the Gods ſhew me the way.
Here 'tis that I ſhall ſee thee, though not oft,
My Mind's diſturb'd when the Seas mount aloft.
If the broad Oc'an did us ſeparate,
Now this Flood does, the ſame would be our ſtate.

I

It were as Good, I think, Remov'd I were
At fartheſt diſtance from my Hope and Dear.
The nearer thou'rt, the hotter Flame I find,
My Joy is not, my Hope's ſtill in my Mind.
So near I am, I almoſt touch my Love,
This thought, Alas! does my tears often move.
In wiſhing, I at Bobbing Apples ſnatch,
And at retiring waves in vain I catch.
My having thee, muſt the VVaves alwayes Curb?
Nor happy be, when VVinds the Flood Diſturb?
Since nought's leſs conſtant, than the VVind and Sea;
On them muſt my Hope ſtill dependant be?
The ſtorm continues, and the Sea makes VVars,
VVhat will the *Pleias*, *Bear* and *Goaty* Stars?
How Bold I am, I know not; or elſe me
My Love ſhall ſend through the tempeſt'ous Sea.
For a long time, think not, I promiſe make,
Speedy performance ſhall that Bond up take.
If this ſtorm laſteth but a few nights more,
Through the unwilling waves I'le ſeek thy ſhore.
Or Happy Fortune ſhall my Boldneſs Crown,
Or VVelcom Death my troubled Love ſhall drown.
I'le wiſh though to be caſt upon thy ſhore,
And may my ſhipwrack't Limbs come thee before.
Thou'lt weep perhaps, and my dead Body touch,
And ſay, for me he ſuffer'd has thus much.
The Omen of my Death does thee Diſpleaſe,
And thou theſe ſad Lines read'ſt with little Eaſe.
Complain not, but to Quench this angry Fire,
Let both our wiſhes happily conſpire.
I need a ſhort Calm now, to ſwim to thee,
VVhen I'm got there, let the ſtorms laſting be.
There ſafely in the Port my Barque ſhall ride,
In no place ſafer, that it ever try'd.

Let

Let *Bor'as* ſhut me there, I'le freely ſtay;
Then I'le be cauti'us, then I will delay.
On the deaf waves then I'le not rail in vain,
Nor of the Sea's tempeſt'ouſneſs complain.
There let the winds, and thy ſoft Arms me keep,
Let with theſe Cauſes, I'le ſtill with thee ſleep.
VVhen the ſtorm's laid, in haſte I'le ſwim to thee,
Still let the Candle in thy window be.
Mean time this Letter may my place ſupply,
My wiſhes are, that follow ſoon may I.

HEROS

HERO'S ANSWER.

THE Health thou ſent'ſt, *Leander*, I did read,
But prithee come, that I may hav't indeed.
Delays are ted'ous, which Our Joys deferre,
My Ardent Love confeſt, to blame forbear.
Our Flame is equal, but my Strength is leſs:
Men's Natures are more fit for hardineſs.
Our Minds and Bodies too much tend'rer are,
A ſmall Delay will me quite kill, I fear.
You Men or Hunt, or elſe the Ground do till;
Thus you your vacant time with Pleaſure fill.
Or th' Forum, or the Wreſtling buſie you,
Or Noble Races with ſwift Steeds purſue;
Or Fowls with Gins you catch, or Fiſh with Lines;
Or waſh away your cares with Gen'rous Wines.

Theſe

Theſe things from Women Nature does remove,
And we have nothing elſe to do, but Love.
And this is all, My Joy, that I can do,
I love much more, than can be thought by you,
Sometimes I whiſper with my Nurſe of thee,
Wondring what of thy ſtay the Cauſe may be.
Or looking on the Sea, I chide the VVind
VVith Angry words almoſt the ſame as thine.
But when I ſee a Calm upon the Main,
That thou can'ſt come, but wilt not, I complain.
As I complain, my tears fall down apace,
Which my kind Nurſe wipes from my Blubber'd Face.
Whether thy tracks are in the ſhore I look;
As though the Sand kept the Marks in her Book.
That I may write, or know what is thy Health;
Of ev'ry Paſſenger, I ask by ſtealth.
How often do I kiſs thoſe Clothes, which thou
Put'ſt off, when thou to ſwim the Sea doſt go!
So when day's ſpent, and friendly Night is near,
And the bright-ſhining Stars i'th' Sky appear;
In the high Tow'r my watchful Tapers ſtand,
My wonted Light to Guide thee to the Land.
With buſie hands the Diſtaft Flax we ſpin,
The time with work we to deceive begin.
What is my talk, if thou deſir'ſt to know,
Nought but thy ſweet Name through my Lips does go.
Thus ſpeak I, Nurſe, doſt think my Love's come out?
Or fears he, 'cauſe Men walking are about?
Is he by this time quite undreſt, doſt think?
Anointed is he gotten to the Brink?
She Nods, not that Our Joys ſhe minds indeed,
But drowſie ſleep ſeizes her aged Head.

Strait,

Strait, ſure, ſay I, now ſwimming is my Love,
And his Brisk Arms the yielding waters move.
When a few Threads ſpun lye upon the Floor,
I ask, whether the way to ſwim, or ſwoom, be more?
Then looking out, with tim'rous words I pray,
That the kind Gales may give thee a good way.
Sometimes we hearken wiſtly, and each Noiſe
We hear, we think to be thy coming voice.
And after mid-night whilſt I watch ſtill keep,
My weari'd eyes are often ſeiz'd by ſleep.
Perhaps againſt thy will thou ſleep'ſt with me,
And, though thou would not come, thee here I ſee.
Sometimes, methinks, I ſee thee ſwimming on,
And thy wet Arms my ſhoulders hang upon.
Sometimes I cloth thee coming from the Deep,
And thy wet Body in my Arms hug'd keep.
Much more too, which a modeſt Tongue won't name,
Which to do pleaſes, done to ſpeak were ſhame.
This pleaſure's ſhort, Alas! nor is it true,
For with my ſleep from me away go you.
More ſolid pleaſures let our loves Employ,
Nor let our flatt'ring Dreams be all our Joy,
So many Widow'd Nights why have I ſpent?
Abſent to be ſo long, what's thy intent?
The Sea has, I confeſs, been very rough;
But yeſternight 'twas almoſt ſmooth enough.
Why was that loſt? why didſt not fear delay?
In ſuch a Calm, why didſt not come away?
Though a like calm return, to let thee paſs,
Becauſe 'twas firſt, yet that much better was.
Thou'lt ſay, ſoon change the ſhort ſmiles of the Sea,
But ſooner much thou'ſt often come to me.

Detain'd

Detain'd by Tempeſt here, thou'lt find no harms;
No ſtorm ſhall hurt thee claſp'd within my Arms.
The wrangling Winds with their ſtorms would me pleaſe,
Nor would I ever wiſh their Jars ſhould ceaſe.
But why do the waves now affrighten thee,
Who not long ſince didſt ſo deſpiſe the Sea?
Time was, when Tempeſts, which the Sea did Toſs;
As bad almoſt, could not thy viſits Croſs.
Whilſt ſtill I cry'd, Prithee, be not too bold,
Let not thy daring make my heart quite cold.
Whence is this Fear? whether's thy boldneſs fled?
Is the great Courage of our ſwimmer Dead?
Be rather thus, than as thou us'ſt to be,
Nor move thy Arms, but through a quiet Sea.
But change not, but continue ſtill the ſame,
Nor to cold Aſhes turn thy loving flame.
So much I don't fear the delays o'th'wind,
As leaſt thy wandring love ſhould change thy Mind.
And I be thought not worth the ſeeing now,
Nor a good Cauſe, why thou the waves ſhould'ſt plough,
Sometimes I fear, my Country's thought too mean,
And I an unfit Match for'n *Abydene*.
There's nothing can ſo ſoon my Pati'nce move,
As thy Delaying for a Rival Love:
Or if Another's Arms thy Neck entwine,
And a new Love ſhould cauſe the End of mine
Ah! ſooner let me dye, than feel this wound:
Come, Death, e're Guilty of this Fault thou'rt found.
Not 'cauſe thou'ſt giv'n ſuſpiti'n, this do'I name,
Or prompted on by a new-broached Fame.
But ev'ry thing I fear, as Lovers do,
Diſtance and Abſence are ſtrong Motives too.

Happy

Happy are thoſe, who by their Preſence are
Spectators of true Crimes and falſe don't fear.
Abſent we are diſturb'd by falſe and true,
Us each unhappy Error does undo.
Oh! that thou'ldſt come to me; not Wind, I fear,
Or Father, but ſome Miſtreſs keeps thee there.
When this I know, ſoon dye with Grief ſhall I;
Thou'rt too unkind, if thou would'ſt have me dye.
Thou'rt not unkind: and I am vex'd in vain,
The Bluſtring Winds thy coming do reſtrain,
How fiercely do the Billows the ſhores beat!
How do the clouds us of the clear day Cheat!
Now * *Nephele* perhaps i'th' Sea appears. * *Helle's*
And laments *Helle* drown'd with flouds of tears. Mother.
Or elſe the Sea hated, 'cauſe nam'd from her.
The Goddeſs *Ino* raging, thus does ſtir.
This raging Sea never on VVomen ſmil'd,
This *Helle* drown'd, this ſhall my Bane be ſtil'd.
If, *Neptune*, of thy love thou mindful waſt,
No love ſhould e're complain of a Rough Blaſt.
Nor *Amymone*, nor fair *Tyro* are
Only feign'd ſtories of thy loving Care.
Thou fair *Alcione*, *Antone* too,
And lovely *Ceyce* did'ſt more than woo,
And fair *Meduſa* with her Golden Hair,
Before to hiſſing Snakes they turned were.
Laodice, Heav'nly *Celano* too,
And many more, whoſe Names I well do know.
The Poets ſing many more loves of thine,
VVith whom love's pleaſing Charms did thee entwine.
VVhy doſt thou then, who know'ſt love does not play,
Now with thy ſtorms ſhut up our Anti'ent way?

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, cruel *Neptune*, and diſturb the Sea,
By this ſmall Brook our Lands divided be.
Great You, ſhould mighty floating Caſtles toſs.
And make whole Fleets for fear be at a loſs.
Neptune ſhould ſcorn a young man thus to fear,
To diſturb Lakes as glorious it were.
He's Nobly born, but he did not ariſe
From that *Ulyſſes*, whom thou didſt deſpiſe.
Pardon, ſave two, he only ſwimmeth there,
His Body and my Hopes together are.
Juſt now the Candle (for by it I write)
Did ſputter, and ſent forth propiti'us light.
My Nurſe powr'd VVine i'th' Fire out of the Cup,
VVe ſhall be more, then drinks the Remnant up.
Make us more then, thy ſwimming Journey make,
VVho the Poſſeſſi'n of my Heart doſt take.
Return, Deſerter of thy Love, O why
In my Forſaken Bed alone lie I?
Fear not, for Sea-born *Venus* will help thee,
And ſmooth thy beaten Road in the rough ſea,
Oft through the waters I have coming been,
But that it has been kinder unto Men.
For why when *Phryxus* and his Siſter came
Hither, did ſhe Alone give it a Name?
Tiring in your Return perhaps you fear,
Nor that you could this double Burden bear.
In the midſt of the waters let us meet,
And there let's give each other Kiſſes ſweet.
Then home again let's both depart from ſea,
This little will, than nothing better be.
Which makes us love in ſtealth, would either ſhame,
Or fearful Love would once abandon Fame.

Now love and ſhame ill-joyn'd cannot Agree,
This pleaſes others, but that pleaſes me.
When *Greci'n Jaſon* into *Colchos* came,
Medea to ſhip off, he thought no ſhame.
When *Trojan Paris* to *Greece* made his way,
He ſoon returned with his gotten Prey.
Thou often viſit'ſt me, as oft doſt leave,
And ſwim'ſt, when ſhips their ſailing do Reprieve.
Yet, Conqu'ror of the Waves, my only Dear,
Them both deſpiſe, and prudently them fear.
The ſtrong-wrought ſhips to pieces torn they Drink,
And can thy Arms do more than Oars doſt think?
What thou deſir'ſt, that Seamen fear to do,
Shipwrackt they are, who are ſo bold to go.
Whilſt I perſwade thee thus, I my ſelf wrong,
Than theſe my Arguments be thou more ſtrong.
But prithee, come, through the Waves make thy way,
And thy tir'd Arms upon my ſhoulders lay.
But, Oh! as oft as I look on the Sea,
I know not what cold chilneſs ſeizes me.
Nor leſs did Dreams me terrifie laſt night,
Though I with Victims have Aton'd that Fright.
For towards morning, when my Lamp went out,
The time when trueſt Dreams do walk about.
The threads out of my Fingers found their way,
And I my Head did on a Pillow lay.
Here comes a Dolphin ſwimming in the Main,
And ſo exact, I nought have ſeen more plain.
Whom when the Raging Waves caſt on the Sand,
Both Waves and Life left him Dead on the Land.
The Omen's bad, do not my Dream deſpiſe,
Nor venture in the Sea, whilſt the Waves riſe.

If not thy ſelf, yet prithee, Love, ſpare me,
Who in thy Danger, never ſafe can be.
Yet I have Hopes, the Waves will come to Peace,
And then cut thou thy way, when the Winds ceaſe;
Mean while, ſince now thou can'ſt not ſwim the Sea,
In theſe Delays let theſe Lines comfort thee.

No Liberty.

WHat's Liberty? Or where is't to be found?
'Tis nothing but a Name, an Empty ſound,
Which fooliſh Man does uſe, himſelf to pleaſe,
For by't he means but vari'ous Slaveries.

Con-

Contented Diſcontent.

HAppy the Man can his Contents command,
When Diſcontents ſurround on ev'ry hand;
And in the midſt of Fortune's troubled Sea,
In his ſmall Bark enjoy Tranquillity;
Swiftly Rides on, and cuts the yielding Waves,
That to the Fearful Paſſengers were Graves;
Till ſafely 'arriv'd at th'ſhore of Happineſs,
With Reaſon can his Prudent Conduct Bleſs.

The New Year.

WElcom, young Year, thou New-born *Phœnix*, who
Out of thy Parent's Urn art Riſ'n but now;
Riſ'n th' Univerſal Monarch, at thy Birth
Was giv'n thee the Crown of all the Earth.

THE CREED IN AN ACROSTICK.

The Letters whereof make the first ARTICLE.

I In th' Almighty God do put my Truſt;
B y whom the World Created was, and muſt
E v'n by him be ſuſtain'd; or elſe 'twill ſoon
L oſt be, and to its Ant'ent Chaos run.
I n Jeſus Chriſt his Only Son, Our Lord,
E ver ſhall be my Truſt; Who does afford
V ile and Ungrateful Man the Hopes of Life
E ternal in the Heav'ns, where is no Strife.
I ncarnate by the Holy Ghoſt came forth,
N ot of a Woman—, but a Virgin-Birth

GOD

GOD his Dear Son out of his Boſom gave,
Of Loſt Mankind the wretched Race to ſave.
Dear bought He our Salvati'on, under went

The Cruel Death o'th' Croſs, on which he ſpent
His Preci'ous Blood for us. Him Pilate ſcourg'd,
E v'n after he'd acquitted him ; becauſe Jews urg'd.

From the dark Grave, breaking Death's ſlight-wrought (Chain,
After three days he'd fetter'd in it lain,
The Pow'rs of Hell too ſeen and Conquered,
He Roſe Victori'ous from his Rocky Bed:
Ever to live; He through the Milky Way
Rode in the Clouds Triumphant as the Day,

And in the Glori'ous Heav'ns does now remain
Long there to live, Eternally to Reign
Moſt High with His Great Father; And from thence
In Judgment ſhall he come, and Recompence
Give to thoſe Men, who ſhall on Earth remain
How Great ſoever, and to thoſe, who 've lain
Thouſands of years in uncontrouled ſleep
In that Cave where all things do ſilence keep:
Each ſhall Rewarded be for ev'ry Deed.

Money will not avail, Chriſt won't be Fee'd.
And of his Kingdom there ſhall be no End.
(Know then, proud Man, who Reigns Above, and Mend.)
Eternal is the Glori'ous Trinity,
Riches immenſe are in that Myſtery:

One of thoſe Three, the Holy Ghoſt to be,
Firmly I do Believe, God One, the Perſons Three.

HE from the Father and the Son doth spring;
Eternally to All Which Saints shall sing,
And Glorifie and Worship and Adore.
Ven'rable Prophets, who did heretofore
Earth's Dreadful Judgments Denounce all abroad,
Not Humane Dictates, but the VVord of God.
An Holy Church dispersed here and there,
Nothing but Christs Commandments holding Dear
To live, I doubt not. The bright Saints above,
Earth's Pious Pilgrims shall be joyn'd in Love.
And I Believe in Baptism we have
Remission of our Sins. And from the Grave
The Dead shall Rise again. And I depend,
Heav'n's Joys and Life shall never have an End.

The

The LORD'S PRAYER, AN ACROSTICK.

The Letters whereof make the PREFACE.

O Grac'ous Father, who in Heav'n, doſt dwell,
(U nder whoſe Hands are all the Pow'rs of Hell:)
R eſcue thy ſacred Name from Blaſphemy,
F ill all the VVorld with thy Dread Majeſty.
A nd let thy Glor'ous VVord ſurround the Earth,
T hat of thy Holy Truth there be no Dearth.
H eav'n does thy VVill perform, let Earth do ſo,
E v'n as the Saints Above, the Saints Below.
R each forth to us with thy moſt Bount'ous Hand
VV hat things we want, Do thou but give Command,
H e ſhall ſupply our wants, who hopes our Ill,
I n thy hand, Lord, reſts ev'ry Mortal's VVill.
C hoice Bleſſings ſhall come forth the Lyon's Jaws.
H is Carcaſe ſhall Relieve us, whoſe rough Paws

A t us were lifted up, as to Devour:
R uine intended to ſure Reſt, thy Pow'r
T urns. Pardon whatſoe're we've done amiſs;
I t's our Deſire to Pardon Treſpaſſes,
N o En'my's Bond with us Uncancell'd is.
H elp, Lord, and keep us from Temptati'on Free,
E arth, Heav'n and Hell Obed'ent are to Thee.
A nd in all Straits ſend us Delivery.
V ail, Man, thy Glory here, and God's Adore,
E ndleſs his Kingdom, Glory, and his Power
N ow is, has been, and ſhall be Evermore.

CON-

CONTENT.

CONTENT! Whom all men ſeek, art ſeldom found
Of any. Where is't that Thou walk'ſt thy round?
Nor Court, nor City, nor the Country Swains
Thee in their Banquets, Trades, or conſtant Pains
Enjoy. But Diſcontent o're the World Reigns.
None can thy ſought-for Company enjoy,
Thou'rt ſurely like the Self-enamor'd Boy:
Many thee Court, but thou art won by none,
Ev'n when we think t'embrace thee, thou art gone.
No *Indian* Mines more ſought for are, than Thou:
The greateſt Treaſure that the World can ſhow.

Is all a nothing unto thee, who art
So Rich, ſo Glorious in ev'ry part.

A Thouſand Worlds who would not give for thee?
Nought's wanting where things by Thee ruled be.

Is there no way to win thee? Oh! thoſe Joys
None can expreſs, whoſe laſting never Cloys.

E v'n those Few who enjoy Thee, can't Declare,
(S uch is the vastness of the Joys, which are
T he Subject of their Satisfaction) what
I s to be found in their Contented State.
M irth is their constant Guest, and sure Delight,
A nd no perplexing Thought dares come in sight.
B y Thee are all Confusi'ons Banished;
(L et Foolish men this World's oft Changes dread)
E ternal quiet does possess his Breast,
I n whose blest House thou dost vouchsafe to Rest.
E vil can't him disturb, he is secure,
W hose Confidence in God is fixed Sure.
E ach thing does add to his Content, and he
L ives safe 'mongst all the World's Uncertainty.

An

An EPITAPH on S. J. ſtill Living.

In a Bad Senſe.

SHort is the Time we Mortals have to Live.
And yet how much of that ſhort Time we give
ather to Trifles, or the works of Sin
nd VVickedneſs, than unto Thoughts Divine!
appy the Frugal of their Preci'ous Hours!
oy does await them in the Heav'nly Bow'rs.
h! had I ſpent my time well; then I might
ow with great Pleaſure have review'd at Night
ach Action of my Day: But now it's gone,
pent is my Life's Glaſs, and I am Undone.

In a Good Senſe.

I come, Great Father, at thy Dread Command,
'bey thy Summons ſent me by Death's Hand.
But, Graci'ous Father, e're I breathe my laſt,
Behind thy Back all my Offences caſt.

Strengthen

Strengthen my Faith now in Death's Agony,
And let my closing Thoughts be fix'd on thee,
And thy dear Son, of whom I humbly Crave
That I of his great Merits part may have
To satisfie for my Offences past,
Grant this, and let me know, thou 't granted hast:
Then in the Grave in peace I'le lay my he ad
And sleep with thy blest'd Saints, which there lye dead.
Till thy dread Trump shall summon us again,
To thy Great Hall: VVhen Satan does Arraign
Us for our Sins, we'le Guilty plead and bring
Our Pardon sign'd by thee our Graci'ous King,
VVhich will Acquit us, and from thenceforth VVe
Shall Reign in Heaven to all Eternity.

J. N.

J. N. Died Suddenly *April* 10. 1686.

THou'rt now, Alas! gone to thy Long Home,
And either Know'ſt or haſt receiv'd thy Doom.
hou, who three days agoe wert in good Health,
rt ſnatcht by Death away, as 'twere by ſtealth.
o have I ſeen an Apple on a Tree,
Vhich ſeem'd nor VVormy, nor yet Ripe to be,
lown by a ſudden Blaſt has fallen down,
o more again b' his dear Branch to be known.
ence teach us Lord, our Change to think upon,
nce, when our Change will be is known to none.
each us to live according to thy VVord,
lways to practice Thy Commandments, Lord,
hat we may not ſurprized be by Death,
ut, when Thou call'ſt, with peace reſign our Breath.
each us to VVatch ſtill and expecting ſtand,
o hear thy Summons ſent us by Death's Hand.
o ſhall we all receive thy Promiſe giv'n,
nd for our Recompenſe be lodg'd in Heav'n:
Vhere Hallalujah's we ſhall always Sing,
nd ſtill Adore and Thank our God and King.

Decemb.

December 19th. 1683. *A Rainy Dawning Sunday.*

IMproperly this Day does bear it's Name,
In which no shining Ray from *Phœbus* came.
A Gloomy and a darksome Day 't has been,
Nothing but Rain and thick Clouds have been seen.
But it may well be called the Lord's day,
Because when heav'n and Earth shall flee away;
VVhen Quick and Dead shall hear the Trumpet Call
All to appear in God's great Judgment Hall;
Cloudy and Stormy shall that Great Day be,
Nothing but Prodigies shall all Flesh see.
This Day but few unto the Church did come,
The greater Part by far remain'd at Home.
If but a show'r of Rain kept them away,
VVhen the Church is on Fire, will They in't stay?
VVhen his bright Beams *Sol* does on his Day dart
Then in whole Troops they flock from ev'ry part;
But when the Day's beclouded none appear,
And there's almost no Congregati'on here.
These are they, who on stony Ground are sown,
Than whom, in times of Peace, more Zealous none,
But when Peace ceaseth, none are sooner flown.

SUC

SUCCESS.

MAN unto Providence his Thriving owes,
His VVicked Policies Heav'n overthrows:
His good Designs too, if they do not tend
To God, must not expect an happy End.

All thy Designs with Pray'rs to God begin,
That they mayn't fail, nor lead thee into Sin.
Beg his assistance, that He would Protect
Thee, and supply with's VVisdom thy Defect.

Thus Fortify'd and Guarded venture on,
Let nothing Daunt thy Resolution,
Like Conqu'ring *Hannibal*, boldly proceed,
Let Difficulties thy Intentions feed.
Let not one Disappointment baffle thee,
But rather more Resolv'd and Constant be.

Yet all thy Disappointments ponder well,
Consider why Heav'n does thy projects Quell.

VVhe-

Whether thy Thoughts were not employ'd above;
Or through forbidden Paths thy Deeds did move;
Or whether if Succeſs thy Deeds had Crown'd,
Thou might'ſt not in them greater Cares have found.
If ſo, to thy proceedings put a ſtay,
And turn thy Tide of ſtrength another way.

If thy Deſigns are bleſs'd with wiſht Succeſs,
Let grateful Thoughts thy thankful Heart poſſeſs.
Grudge not the Tribute of thy largeſt Praiſe,
But unto Heav'n thy Noble Thoughts up raiſe:
Publiſh aloud God's Bleſſings unto thee,
Proclaim'd, like *David's*, let thy Praiſes be.
Give not God's Glory to thy Humane VVit
Thou held'ſt the Bow, he guided thee to hit
Thy aim'd-at Mark; Or elſe thy trembling Hand
Had not Obedi'nt been to thy Command.

Upon a Sick Maid.

Full 'twice ſev'n Winter Nights are paſt and gone,
Wherein this ſickly Maid no Reſt has known;
ll 'twice ſev'n times the glori'ous Sun has roſe,
nd ſet as oft, yet finds ſhe no Repoſe,
ach Night a Month ſeems to her, and each Day
akes her to think the Sun has loſt his way,
r that his Steeds are Lame, or's Chari'ot loſt
's broken Wheels, and can no longer Boaſt
heir wonted ſwiftneſs ——

Theſe Changes Bodily Diſtempers make,
t what the Mind's do, th' Meaſures who can take?
ninterrupted Torments they endure,
yſit'ans ſometimes Bodies, ne're Minds cure.

DEATH.

DEath! Thou the Ender art of all our Woes,
The Just that's Mis'rable with Gladness goes
Down to the silent Grave. But the Unjust,
Though miserable here, with great Distrust
Descends into thy Darksome Chambers, Death,
And with extream Reluctancy gives up his Breath.
Because his sad Account is nigh at hand,
And he before God's Judgment-seat must stand.
His Greatest Troubles do but then Begin,
When he must Punisht be for all his Sin.

REPU

REPUTATION.

FAme, Reputation, Credit, Rumor too
Are Names, which in the World make much ado.
Who Courts this Nymph, (for all are but the ſame
Chimæra-Goddeſs, by a diff'rent Name)
Shall find her Coy, and Vari'ous as the VVind,
Depending on each fickle Tongue or Mind;
A ſmall Miſtake, or a Malici'ous Lye
Will quickly make his Int'reſt with her dye.
Would'ſt know, O Man, what in this Caſe to do?
The ways of Right'ouſneſs always purſue.
In True Integrity ſtill keep the Road,
That is deſcrib'd at large i'th' Word of God.
If this thy Credit raiſe among the good;
Live not upon't, as on *Camæleon*'s Food;
If Men point at thee as thou paſs Along,
And people in whole Troops about thee throng;
Be not puff'd up with't; for the ſame's their Lot,
VVho on their Credit have the greateſt Blot.
Hang-men and Newgate-Birds enjoy the ſame,
VVhoſe ſtrange Offences have proclaim'd their Name.

Or if thy Guiltleſs Life beſpatter'd be
VVith Falſe Reports, for which thou can'ſt not ſee
Any Juſt Grounds; Or envi'ous Perſons ſpend
Their utmoſt Spight and Malice to extend,
And wreſt thy inn'cent VVords for their Deſign,
To meanings that are Strangers unto Thine;
Be not diſcourag'd, but thy way keep on,
Remember, that the ſame were caſt upon
Our Savi'our, and his pious Prophets too,
VVhat they did, Grudge not thou to undergo.
From Vertue's Path, let not this frighten thee:
On thy Reward let thy Thoughts fixed be.
The gen'rous Horſe ſcorns to break's way for all
The barking yelping Curs that at him Brawl.
VVhat Monarch would affrighted make a ſtay,
Becauſe an Ape grins at him in the way,
VVhen he to Glory does his Journey bend,
And all his Nobles on him do attend?
Rather not looking at him, on He'll go,
Nothing concern'd, ſcorning ſo mean a Foe.

PSALM

PSALM I. Paraphraſed.

1.

HAppy the Man, thrice happy ſhall he be
In Heav'n's bright Manſions to Eternity,
VVho hating all the Devil's works, does ſhun
His Imps Incarnate, whom he has Undone;
Avoids their Company, ne're with them goes,
Counts them his own, who are his Maker's Foes:
Stands not with Pleaſure in the VValks of Sin,
Nor ſitteth in the Bow'ers that are therein.

2.

But in God's Holy Law his thoughts does ſpend,
To underſtand and practice it does bend
His whole Intenti'ons; he his whole Delight
Does place in that, ſtudies it Day and Night.

3.

As Trees that planted by the VVaters are,
By that Advantage, flouriſh and grow Fair;
And in the Autumn with their proper Fruit
Yield to the Swain a plentiful Recruit:
Ev'n ſo ſhall this Man be: But in this thing
He ſhall excel, his Leaves ſhall always Spring,
Shall never Fade, nor VVither, but be Green;
Nor ought he undertaketh ſhall be ſeen

To want Succeſs. But God will him befriend,
Crown all his Acti'ons with an happy End.

4.

But as the ſtubble, which by th' ſmalleſt Blaſt
Is ev'ry Minute troubled and diſplac'd;
Such is the VVicked, who does bend his Mind
To ſerve old Satan, being ill-inclin'd.

5.

In that great Day, when all the VVorld ſhall be
In God's great Judgment-Hall, their Judge to ſee,
And from his Mouth to hear their ſentence giv'n:
(Which will ſome place in Hell, and ſome in Heav'n.)
Then ſhall the wicked Courage want to ſtand,
When they ſee Chriſt ſitting at God's Right Hand,
And pleading for the humble Innocent,
Who have ſo frequent Prayers to him ſent.
Nor ſhall they ever with the Righte'ous go
Up into Heav'en, VVhom they deſpis'd Below.

6.

The VVay in which the Righte'ous walk, is known
By God, and here God's Countenance is ſhown.
But where the VVicked walk, ſhall be o'regrown
VVith Briers, or by VVaters overflown.

PSALM

PSALM. III.

1.

HOW greatly do my Foes, Lord, Multiply!
How they encreaſe that bear me Enmity!
As Rivers do, the further courſe they Run;
As Fears to them, who fain themſelves would ſhun;
As a Sedition ſtill by progreſs grows,
Till a ſmall Tumult the whole Realm o'reflows:
So do my Foes encreaſe, ſuch Progreſs make,
Still new Conſpir'rors to themſelves they take.

2.

Thus ſtrengthen'd they Triumphing to me ſay,
Yield now thy ſelf as Conquer'd, and Obey;
For God has thee forſaken, ſee our Pow'r!
Of thy Captivity now's come the hour.

3.

But yet theſe ſwelling VVords Affright me not,
Their ſtrength is Fleſh, Thou art, O Lord, my Lot:
Thou, Lord, art my Defence, my Buckler ſtrong,
All my Renown does unto thee belong.
When I in Miry Woes Amaz'd did ſtand
Doubting my ſafety, thou didſt lend thy hand:
Thou Lead'ſt me out, held'ſt up my drooping Head,
And mad'ſt me on my Foes in Triumph tread.

4.

When I diſtreſs'd my Prayers made to thee,
VVithout delay thou ſent'ſt delivery.
So ſpeedy are our Cryes, when made aright,
They 're ſtronger too than mighty Gi'ants in Fight.
From Earth to Heav'n, from thence Return they ſoon
VVith a full Grant of our well-asked Boon.

5.

Truſting on thee, I laid me down in Peace,
To take my Reſt, and wak'd in the ſame eaſe;
For thou ſecureſt me, proſcrib'ſt my Care;
VVhil'ſt thou doſt help, I'le entertain no Fear,

6.

Milli'ons of Foes that compaſs me around,
My Heart in deſpe'rate thoughts ſhall never drown.

7.

Ariſe, my Mighty God, deliver me:
Let all my Foes thy Terrors feel or ſee:
Some thou already haſt ſmote with wounding ſtroke,
Their Jaws and cheifeſt ſtrength, thou, Lord, haſt broke.

8.

From thee O Lord, does all Salvation come,
Thou thine Elect bleſſeſt with Peace at Home.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI.

1.

THou art our ſtrength, O Lord, our ſtrongeſt Fort,
To thee in all Diſtreſſes we reſort;
Thou art our ſure Aſylum, and from thee
Comes preſent help in all Adverſity.

2.

Nothing ſhall therefore in our hearts beget
A Trembling Fear, though all the World be ſet
To Frighten and Amaze us; though the Earth
By vaſt Convulſi'ons, from that Place it's Birth
Fixed it in, Remove; though Mountains Tall,
By them remov'd, into the Oce'an fall.

3.

Though the rough Waves of *Neptune's* angry Brow
Mount up ſo high, that no Ships can them Plough;
Though with their mighty Noiſe they others fright,
And make them dread th' Eternal coming Night;
And with their daſhing Billows loudly Rore,
And ſhake the ſtrongeſt Mountains on the Shore.

4.

Amidſt theſe Great Confuſi'ons, one Flood ſhall
With gladſome ſtreams compaſs the quiet Wall

Of

Of God's choice City, his moſt Holy Place,
Where is his Temple, where ſtill ſhines his Face.

5.

Here God with plent'ous Bleſſings does Reſide,
And here his Graci'ous Preſence does abide.
Nothing ſhall move her then, her helping God
Shall ſcourge her Foes with his chaſtiſing Rod.
Her earli'eſt Foes his ſure Revenge ſhall feel,
Nought ſhall avail their ſwords of truſty Steel.

6.

The Nati'ons Angry were, and did conſpire,
But were ſoon quell'd by God's conſuming Fire.
His Thundrings and his Lightnings flew abroad,
The melting Earth ſubmitted to her God.

7.

The mighty God of Hoſts is with us ſtill,
And *Jacob*'s God always preſerve us will.

8.

You, unconſid'ring Men, come and behold
God's wondrous Works, which ſcarcely can be told!
What Deſolati'ons in his Anger he
Has made, which Tokens of his Fury be!

An

9.

An Universal Peace he does proclaim,
None durst his Orders disobey or blame:
The Bows and Spears and Ir'on Chari'ots too
He makes unable any hurt to do.

10.

Be still, saith God, and know that I am he
That Govern all, and won't Resisted be.
My boundless Glory Heathens shall Proclaim;
And all the World Rev'rence my Holy Name.

11.

The mighty God of Hosts is with us still,
And *Jacob*'s God always preserve us will.

PSALM XCI.

1.

WHO under God his Habitati'on makes,
And him for his assur'd Protecti'on takes,
Shall reap th' advantage of his Prudent Choice,
And under his Protecting Shade Rejoyce.
Nor burning Heat, nor Rain shall him annoy;
All their weak Force God's Branches shall destroy.

2.

Of my Ne're-failing God, I'le always say,
He is my Refuge, Fortress, and my stay,
My Mighty God, and my most strong Defence,
In him alone I'le put my Confidence.

3.

Who e're thou art, that dost on him Rely,
Fear not, for he to save thee won't be shy:
From those deceitful Men would thee Ensnare,
From Sickness too, Salvati'on he'le prepare.

4.

As Hens their Brood preserve from Birds of Prey,
So shall his Wings save thee from Day to Day;

And under them thy sureſt Truſt ſhall be,
Better than *Ajax*'s Shield they'le be to thee.

5.

None of thoſe Dreadful Terrors ſhall affright
Thee, which or walk their Round at dead of Night,
Or elſe with bolder Face out-brave the Day,
And Troops of VVorldlings frighted ſend away.

6.

Nor Peſtilence, which Mortals in their ſleep
Does often from their Clayey Houſes ſweep;
Nor thoſe Contagi'ons, which at Noon-day Sun
Through thickeſt Troops their killing Races run.

7.

Thouſands ſhall drop down dead at thy right hand,
Ten Thouſands at thy left, yet thou ſhalt ſtand.

8.

Thou ſhalt not feel, but with thine Eyes ſhalt ſee,
VVith what Juſt Plagues Sinners rewarded be:

9.

Becauſe thou 'haſt put thy Truſt in the Moſt High,
And on my Mighty Refuge doſt Rely;

10.

No Croſſes or Afflicti'ons ſhalt thou know,
Nor any Plague ſhall near thy Dwellings go.

11.

To 'his mighty Angels he ſhall give Command,
About thy VVays protecting thee to ſtand.

12.

As careful Mothers do their Children lead,
Leſt ſtumbling with their Feet, they bruiſe their Head:
So ſhall they keep thee and preſerve thee ſtill,
That thy great Foe may never have his will.

13.

On Aſps and Dragons, and on Lions ſtrong
Securely ſhalt thou tread, and Lyons young.

14.

Becauſe he has fixed on me his Love,
Nothing ſhall him from my Salvati'on Move.
I will exalt him on the VVings of Fame,
'Cauſe he Relies upon my Holy Name.

15.

He ſhall his conſtant Pray'rs unto me make,
And them to anſwer I ſtill care will take

In all his Trouble I'le ſtill with him be,
Still ſave him, and his Honour all ſhall ſee.

16.

Long Life, if he deſire, I will him Give,
And under my Protecti'on he ſhall Live.

FINIS.